

Musa Præfica.

THE LONDON POEM, OR An Humble Oblation

On the Sacred Tomb
Of our late Gracious Monarch
King Charles the II.
Of ever Blessed and Eternal Memory.

By a Loyal Apprentice of the Honourable City of London.

—Quo Numine lesa,
Quidve dolens Rector Cæli Tot volvere Casus,
Insignem pietate Virum, tot adire Labores
Impulerit, Tantane animis Cælestibus Ira?

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. M. and John Holford, and are to be sold by
the Booksellers of London. 1685.

Mula Pressica.

THE
LONDON POEM.
OR
An Humble Dedication

On the Sacred Tomb
Of our late Gracious Monarch
King Charles II.
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By a Loyal Apprentice of the Honourable City of London.

...No Thomas late
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

L O N D O N

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(1)
A
FUNERAL-POEM
ON THE
DEATH
OF
King Charles II.
OF
Blessed Memory.

I'ts done, what Heav'n for many Years design'd,
Unknown to the great Race of Human kind ;
In Fates mysterious Chronicle enroll'd ;
And so absconded from the lower World.
The Gods, the utmost of their Pow'r have shown ;
Their dark Decree has shoke the trembling Throne,
CHARLES the Illustrious, Great, is snatcht away,
And to the gaping Grave become the Conquer'd Prey.

Forgive Thou awful Shade my Boldn'd Muse,
Presuming this Transcendent Theme to chuse ;
Forgive the Accents of my humbler Strain,
Which in Unhallow'd Disticks dares profane
That Name, which all posterity shall know :
Great Spirit thou'rt Gracious, or thou once wert so.

Gifts and Oblations Heaven-born thou'lt have none,
Nor must Divine Rites to Thee now be shown ;
We'll not erect new Altars to thy Sheme,
Nor dare Install Thee with the Pow'rs Divine,
That too Officious Duty wou'd blaspheme,
And blemish with our Piety, thy Name,
But still our Zealous Love shall be the more,
And we will bless thy worth, tho' not adore.

B

Which

Which of the mighty Pen-men shall I chuse
 To aid the Genius of my Lab'ring Muse;
 Which of the happy Bards shall fan the Fire,
 And my ambitious Glowing Breast inspire;
 Whilst I with ruder Hands my Offering bring
 To the Immortal Mem'ry of my King,
 And of his Deathless Name, & God-like Virtues sing?
 Ye softer Female Beings, if there be
 Concernment in your Fancy'd Deities,
 On my bold Province now divinely shine,
 And manifest the pow'r of your renowned Nine.

But ah! why do I vainly thus require
 The faint assistance of that easie Quire;
 Too weak the Inspiration, and the Flame,
 For the Ennobl'd Merit of the Theme,
 For the vast Elogies of *CHARLES* his name.

But thou far more Heroick shade return
 From the dull darksome Mansion of thy Urn,
 Thou once who in Divinest Numbers taught,
 And sang as bravely as thy Heroes fought;
 Let *CHARLES* our now departed worthy dwell
 In thy Prodigious, Noble, Chronicle,
 (If any faith in Transmigration be,)
 Or now transmit thy sacred Spirit to me;

Aid me the Royal wonders to rehearse
 In lasting, and unbounded verse,
 Sum the repeated Marvels of his Reign,
 Whom Heav'n, kind Heav'n espousing did Maintain:
 Tell me the worth of that Illustrious man,
 Who through a long continued series ran
 Of troubles, yet appear'd so great, so brave
 From the first blooming to the final Grave.

Tears are not all the due we'll pay to thee,
 Thou sacred Image of the Deity:
 Nor will we only the vast loss bemoan,
 With a retired melancholy groan;
 But to our late posterity we'll show,
 And they shall all the wondrous Circle know:

The

The Theme, and the delight, of future days,
Which with united Joys shall Eccho forth thy praise.

Ye Gods ! why did ye Summons to begone,
The constant Guardian of the peaceful Throne ?
Why was your thoughtful vengeance so severe
Unto his Royal person here ?
What hidden grudge usurpt your minds above,
Your Great Vicegerent to remove ?
Why was he snatcht so soon away ?
As if but fram'd of Common Clay ?
Monarchs undoubted Charters should possess,
To limit their own boundless happiness.
Or should some sacred Title have,
To Triumph o're the fury of the Grave ;
But since Immortal Births you do deny,
Even Kings are only born to reign and die.

Oh ! cou'd he not have stretcht the narrow Span
And liv'd the double age of Man ?
Who wou'd not have sustain'd the willing Doom,
And fill'd the Empty spaces of his Room,
And undergone the scandal of a Tomb ?
Why were ye not appeas'd with a Plebeian Prey,
But snatcht the Sovereign of the Isle away ?
I cou'd of the severity complain,
And urge my passion to so high a strain,
Ev'n at your sacred beings to let fly,
Blaspheme your Arbitrary Deities,
Since with the Royal Victim you begin,
And yet my zeal would expiate the sin.

Were Kings ordain'd but for such vulgar ends,
And do they on so slender Lines depend,
To finish all the drudgery of State,
And then submit to common Fate ;
To manage the Great business of the World,
And from the regal Theatre be hurld,
T' appear and act upon the noisy Stage,
Then make their sudden exit from the age,

And all but for a speculative fame
For the inglorious nothing of a name.

So the victorious Cæsar liv'd and dy'd,
With Nations shelter'd from his awful side,
When he the glorious Race had nobly run,
And finish'd all the triumphs he begun.

What real Essence is there in a Crown,
When Monarchs thus are tumb'd down?
Nor can their shining grandure save,
Them rowling to the dismal grave.

Ye Gods! ah! why! cou'd ye exempt not some,
From th' universal deluge of the Doom,
Ah why! cou'd not your providence prefer
Some to a lasting death less Calendar;
Why such injunctions do you lay
On Kings that bear Imperial sway?

Must CHARLES the joy of all the universe,
Be fetter'd in a solitary Herse?
And after all the mighty Circles ran,
Appear at length to be but man?

All he possess'd that's good, and great,
If that cou'd claim supremacy of fate,
All vertues in his royal Breast,
Like Gemms within a Quarry rest,
No borrow'd Beams adorn'd his Soul
As where the lesser Luminaries Rowle,
But in him they were perfect all,
Glorious, and Bright, and Natural,
Like days Bright Lord which does dispence,
O're all an universal Influence.
What Heav'n hath sparingly allow'd mankind,
Was doll'd-in great to his great mind,
And with embellisht lustre in him shin'd,
The Gods by one consent cou'd do no more,
But lavisht a vast Largess of their store,
And made th' Impoverisht Heav'ns poor:

Yet

Yet after all, this mighty Prince
Is snatcht and rifled from us hence,
Left void his great fore-fathers Throne below,
And to an endless wide Eternity does go.

Look down unbody'd *Hero*, see
How naked and expos'd we lie,
To *Chaos* ev'n a ready prey,
Now thy Great Guardian Soul is took away.

We'l not forget how once thou god-like fate,
And didst the noble work of Fate,
Whilst we secure and thoughtless wanton laid
Basking beneath the Tutelary shade:
No danger cou'd approach the Mansion there
Curst Envy snarl'd, but came not near.
Thy aw a Terror on thy Foes Imprest,
But to thy Land serenity and rest.
Majestick sweetness darted from thy Eyes,
And all around was Eden and a Paradise.
We'l not forget how thy victorious Hand
Did guide us to the promis'd Land,
And thy stupendious conduct set us free
From Anarchy and slavery.

Thou liftedst up thy mighty arm,
And didst sound forth the loud Alarm,
Thou calm'dst th unruly Boisterous Seas,
And prophes'd us Halcion days,
And show'd us all behind Tranquillity and Ease.

Great Monarch no, we'l nere forget the day,
When thou our *Moses* leadst the happy way,
Thou leadst a moody murmuring Crew,
The Crime in them was great but not in you:
Thou like the mighty Patriarch view'd
With pity the Impestuous multitude,
As mild as that great man, as meek, as good,
As easy to remit, averse from blood,
And in the Breach to stem their ruin stood.

What did they want in all thy peaceful Reign?
 Who su'd for Justice to thy Throne in vain?
 Thus to repine thy sway, and treacherously complain?
 How ready thou to ease their clamorous griefs,
 Thou only able to afford relief?

And as of old —————

When angry Heav'n vow'd a revenge to take,
 For the Rebellious Peoples sake;
 Commision'd Numerous Deaths were scattered there,
 Invenom'd Fates flew hissing throw the air,
 Their Blasting Breaths throw every member hast,
 The suffering crow'd sink down, and groan their last,
 Some to their pitting Captain fly,
 He points, and then the sacred pile they Eye,
 They saw, and soon a Miracle was shown,
 Great as the Judgement usher'd in before,
 Their pangs and Dying Agonies were gone,
 And coming ease, renewing health restores.

So to thy Throne thy injur'd Subjects crow'd;
 Thy willing Ear to their complaint is bow'd;
 They find an easy and a quick redress,
 Thee ev'ry Tongue in ev'ry age will bless,
 And all succeeding Times shall tell
 Of each repeated Miracle
 In thy Illustrious Chronicle.

David nere struggl'd more to Conquer Fate,
 Nor suffer'd more from murmuring Rebels Hate,
 VVeighty as his was thy too rigiddoom,
 And thou as bravely didst them overcome,
 Indulgent Heav'n did either Cause espouse,
 And scattered all the fury of your Foes,
 Throw arms, and noisie wars, conducted on,
 From Exile to ascend a peaceful Throne.

VVe saw Great Sovereign at thy happy Birth
 A Taper, shining to the wondring Earth,
 The Omen kind'd on that glorious day,
 Shone with a bright Meridian Ray,
 Thy Great begetter saw the same,
 He saw and blest the Rival flame;

VVhilst

VVhilst the surpriz'd admiring crow'd
 To thee and to thy Genius bow'd ;
 VVith Acclamations shouting by,
 And clapping with prophetick Joy :
 Ah ! why cou'd not the partial Star dispence
 A more benigne, Calmer Influence ;
 VVhy did it dart so little pleasure down
 Dasht with a sad γλυκυπρικον ;

So when the Great Messias came,
 He's usher'd with a Radiant flame ;
 But ah ! the glittering Omen cou'd relate
 No happier tidings of a future fate,
 It prov'd the mournful prodigy
 Of that Created Deity,
 The Prælude to his coming Misery. }
 VVe saw in thy first blooming Age,
 VVhat e're cou'd all our hopes engage,
 All that cou'd fute the Glory of thy name,
 The basis for a nobler frame,
 Seeds in thy princely bosom strove,
 Compos'd of Virtue, and of softer Love.

So e're succeeding times began,
 Or this vast structure for the Creature man,
 The richer beings in Oblivion lay,
 Till the Eternal gave the word
 They with united force accord,
 And show their mighty pow'r, & show a glorious day.

Still as thy riper Years go on,
 Thy Soul seems fitter for a Throne,
 Those Beams which were but shadow'd there,
 Now in compleated Luster do appear.
 In thee each virtue had its room,
 And every grace was to perfection come ;
 Now fit the mighty state to sway ;
 Born to Command, and others pleas'd to obey.

Thy darling Country saw thee in thy princely prime,
 They saw and blest the happy time,

And with a joyful bodeing smile,
 Own'd thee the great *Palladium* of the Isle.
 Mankinds Delight and Heav'ns care.
 Both in thy Royal Person share.
 Ye pow'rs, why did ye not remove
 Impending sorrow from the man ye Love?
 Why did ye crow'd so many perils on,
 To check his passage to the Crown?
 Throw arms and blood ye pointed out the Day,
 And at the dreadful Goal the Empire lay.
 We saw with what a bravery of Soul,
 Thou threatening danger didst control,
 Resolv'd, and how unmov'd thou didst appear,
 Untaught the little vulgar vice to fear.
 The Dread of Death could never make thee yield,
 Nor all the Terrors of an armed field.

Bold in extreams was thy great courage shown,
 Where fortune call'd, still rushing on,
 Yet with pathetick grief thou view'd
 The madness of the ungovern'd multitude;
 Fierce to their woful ruin bent,
 To shake and batter down the Government:
 Thy Country bleeding by thy pittying side,
 Oft did thy Sympathetick breast divide;
 For every conquest which your arms did gain
 Still added to the general pain;
 Still ting'd with native gore the purpl'd Cross;
 The Victor Triumph't in the Kingdoms Loss.
 But now the Tragick Scene begins,
 The woful Tryal is disclos'd within;
 With what regret did thy unwilling Eyes,
 View thy great Fathers Sacrifice?
 That Spirit, that fate cou'd never bow,
 Bow'd at that bold presumptuous blow,
 Thou sigh'd at the unnatural doom,
 And with excess of Sorrow was struck dumb,
 But here we'll let the Curtain down,
 And scan thy vast proportion'd misery by our own.

Thus

Thus Heav'n permitted this Good King to fall
 An Expiation to atone for all ;
 He fell the sacred Martyr of his Reign,
 And acted his great Saviours Passion o're again.
 Go dying Prince to higher Empires go,
 But yet Respect thy Royal Pledge below ;
 Thy Guardian Angel send him down
 T' attend his Progress to the Crown,
 Oh ! Let a double portion on him fall,
 And he exceed his great Original.

Its done, and every God look't down from thence,
 They pitying saw, and lov'd the suffering Prince,
 Yea ev'ry petty Deity's concern'd,
 And for th' afflicted Sovereign yern'd.

They saw how the confused Kingdom lay,
 To the devouring Sword a wounded prey ;
 With monstrous Crimes polluted o're,
 Stain'd with a Royal Martyrs Gore,
 And God-like CHARLES must the relapse restore.
 Its he the Sovereign Balsam must apply,
 With the return of Banisht Majesty.
 They lead the Royal Off-spring on,
 To fill his great Fore-Fathers Throne :
 (In spite of all that Hell could do,
 And the Religious Rebels too,)
 And shew their mighty pow'r on things below.

See where the drooping Monarch lies,
 Ev'n drown'd with deluges of Sighs,
 Not for the great Miscarriage of his own,
 But that his Fathers Fortune's gone.

That his Majestick Soul was took away,
 To Sacrilegious Hands a prey ;
 When lo ! an awful shade appears,
 And whisper'd in his listning Ear ;
 ' Arise dejected Prince arise,
 ' See where thy beckening Fortune flies,
 ' Scorn all their little rage and hate,
 ' And triumph o're opposing Fate ;

D

Where,

Where Fame and Glory call, begone
 Revenge, revenge, and mount the Throne,
 The signal strait, the Sighing Prince receiv'd,
 He heard and with an Ominous Joy believ'd,
 He saw in what extreame his Fortune lay,
 His Valour must direct and cut the way.
 Dull easie sloth cou'd nere retrieve his Fate,
 He must o'come or sink beneath the State.

Alas! what cou'd his pittying Tears avail;
 To flying Fate there's no repeal.
 His helpless Eyes cou'd do no more,
 Nor his revolted Cause restore.

Tears but a weak Redemption can afford
 Where Interest sways the dreadful Sword.
 But Heav'n does now the Royal Cause espouse
 Against the pointed fury of his Foes,
 Against the furies that Besiege the Throne,
 And all the pious Cheats to pull it down.
 Successive Miracles each day appear,
 Each Month produceth wondrous Callender.
 So once when all the numerous Tribes were free,
 From the *Egyptians* Yoke and Slavery.
 Kind Heav'n its high puissant pow'r did show
 To all their crowding Legions below,
 Preserv'd by the Almighty's Hand,
 Conducted strangely to the Promis'd Land:

We'll think great Sovereign on that glorious day,
 Where Heav'n did first its early care display,
 VVhen its immediate Hand secur'd thy Fate,
 From threatening Spears, and dangerous Rebels hate,
 Ah! Let the happy * place receive a Name * *Worcester*
 In Annals of Eternal Fame. *Fight*
 VVith what a bold resolve thy Foes appear'd,
 How far against your Royal self they dar'd,
 How fierce how eager to devour,
 And wanton in thy sacred Gore,
 VVhilst thou in Person rally'd to the Field,
 Learn'd bravely to Command, untaught to yield,

But

But ah! thy Arms succesleſs Fortunes found,
Nor was thy rightfull Cauſe with Conqueſt Crown'd,
Heav'n ſtill delay'd the Joyful end to ſhow
VVhat farther its Almighty Hand could do.

After that bleſt eſcape beſel,
Each ſtep produc'd a Miracle,
VVe'l nere forget the next ſucceeding deed,
VVhen thy Maſtick Royalty lay hid;

Lurking ſecurely now
VVithin the narrow confines of a Bough,
Three Kingdoms Monarch there ſat perching on,
And for a Blooming Oak exchang'd his Throne.
So at our ſacred Saviours Birth,
VVhen he Deſcended to the Earth,
His Entertainment's poor and ſtrange,
A Stable, and a Manger, and a Grange,
Methinks I ſee Cœleſtial Quires appear
To Guard thy Royal Perſon there,
From all their Bleſt abodes they flock to thee,
And hover round the pious Tree,
A Troop full able to oppoſe
The pow'r of thy Rebellious Foes;
A Troop reſolv'd, and bravely bold
Not to be brib'd with Mercenary Gold.

And next we'l caſt an Eye
On th' Agents of thy great delivery,
Whom Heav'n the wondrous Inſtruments did make
To manage this Important Stake,
And for thy high ſecurity engage
Mechanick ſervile Millers of the Age,
Men whom we'd think wou'd glittering heaps adore
For pence and food was all their ſtore.

Yet thy neglected Price lay by ^{1000000 Price.}
They ſaw it with an Eagles Eye,
And ſcorn'd their Sovereign to betray
For bribing Sums of gilded Clay.

The great Meſſias thus was known

To drowzy Swains alone

. Supinely

Supinely they in slumbers lay,
 Their browsing Cattel round'em play,
 When the Coelestial Message's given
 By all the tuneful Quire of Heaven.

A softer Female next thy Guardian's made *M. Jane Love, Lane.*
 A tender but a trusty Aid :

The pow'r she had, her pious care did show
 A Loyal Subject, and thy Buckler too.
 She o're your Sovereignty did Sway
 Her's wisely to command, and yours t' obey
 The little Arts your Gentle Hand-maid try'd,
 Secur'd your interest on the safer side,
 Conducting still her charge discreetly on
 From lonely rustick Shades to fill a Throne.

So *Michaels* Noble Stratagem defeats
 Her Fathers direful rage and froward hates,
David by her, escapes untimely end,
 She acted as a Guardian and a Friend.

But what returns can we repay to thee,
 Thou Patroness of Majesty,
 Thou happy Pillar of the tottering Land
 Preserv'd by a Womans Hand?

We'l now transmit to future days thy Fame,
 And lisping Babes shall stammer forth thy Name.
 We'l not forget your hazards and your toil
 Throw all the Progress of your Native Isle.

Great King, we'l nere forget th' alarms and cares
 Thy nightly Watches, and thy hourly fears,
 Each cautious step, each blushing quick surprize
 Thy humble Office, and thy poor disguise,
 Which thou the Pageants of thy Fortune bore
 Till thy Arrival at the Gallick Shore,
 A Providence in all, and God all o're.

Unhappy Prince, thy Banish't Person's gone
 In exile, and forsaken, and alone.
 All that thy pious Loyal Friends cou'd do,
 Was unavailing grief to show,
 Their Prayers and pittyng sighs they'd send
 To help thy sorrows to an end.

They

They cou'd no more but calmly wait
The blest return of smiling Fate.

No sooner hadst thou left the noisie Shore,
As if the Genius of the Isle had gone;
Thy Foes seem more confus'd than before,
And by their Fears contrive thy blest return;
Dread of thy rightful Claim excited aw,
Their different Interests to one Union brought;
But now remote divided Ends they draw,
And each to triumph o're the other fought.
So when the giddy Lab'ring World began
Their high proportion'd Frame to rear,
To rival Heav'n, and threat the Air,
They're muster'd o're the list'd Plain;
Confusion straight, the mighty Project stay'd;
In vain the sweating Fools assay'd
To make a period of their Fabrick there.

The happy time is now at hand
To bring thee to thy Promis'd Land,
Thy toilsom Race is well nigh run,
Thy sorrows to a Center come;
Thou'lt finish all thy suffering Doom;
And wonders now must end what Miracles begun.
We'll think with Joy on that auspicious Hour
When pardon'd Rebels crowd to see thee Land,
And thicken on the Neighbouring Strand;
Thy Restauration overthrew their Pow'r
Their *Hydra's* at the bright appearance die;
All their Romantick Idols tumbl'd down
At thy approach to mount the Throne,
Like *Dagon* when the Sacred Ark came nigh.

Thy dawning lustre did appear
Like *Phebus* when he mounts the Sphere,
Dispensing glories as we rise;
And with new Vigour kindling all the Skies;
Thou now ascends the Throne,
Not like a *Nero* or *Domitian*,
But like *Augustus* Great and Wise,
Forgiving and forgetting Injuries.

Thy pious Subjects bless the day,
 And for thy long continuance pray.
 The Isles with Acclamations Ring,
 Long Live, Long Live the King.
 Oh ! Happy if their happiness they prize,
 Or knew but where their Interest lies.
 No Seas of Natives-gore thy steps oppose ;
 Nor stalks thou o're thy slaughter'd Poes.
 Without one stroak thou mounts the Seat,
 The mighty, mighty work of Fate.

What hardn'd Rebel dares deny
 The presence of a Deity
 Through all thy weighty trouble's on
 This last Miracle, thy Restauration !
 The Presidents before had been but Chance,
 Where Hazard and thy Fortune strove ;
 This does all prejudice remove,
 And their confirmed Faiths advance,
 Like the great business of the Resurrection.

But shou'd I mention on
 Each yearly wonder done
 In the long series of thy Peaceful Reign,
 My Lines wou'd swell
 To an expansive Chronicle ;
 My Muse too feeble to rehearse
 Such mighty things in humble verse :
 Too weak my numbers, and too low my strain.
 But future ages shall record the same.
 Thou'lt be their Wonder, and their Theme
 The Subject of succeeding days,
 With admiration heard, and told with praise.

Go happy Prince to Courting Crowns above ;
 The Gods delight, and Peoples Love.
 Oh ! Cou'd we add unto thy greatness there,
 Since there's no hopes of a retrieve,
 We'd in thy sacred self believe,
 And change our blessings to a form of Prayer ;
 But its not worship thou demands,
 No such returns from our Officious Hands,
 Love to thy second self below
 Is all thou'd wish thy Subjects do.

That

That easy Tribute will we pay,

That pious subsidy

Much for his own deserving sake, and much for thee,

That, for the Wonders of thy peaceful Reign,

And all the blessings that we reap thereby,

Our Freedom and our Property,

Which thou our Sovereign didst maintain,

That, for th' Intolerable dying pain

Thy suffering Person did sustain

By the severe Physicians Hands apply'd,

To stop the Torrent of thy Fate, and yet thou dy'd:

What's more prevailing still to move

Thy goodness and thy grace,

Thy Clemency and Love?

We'll love him for the glory of his race:

In him thy Copy'd Virtues shine.

He must be merciful and good,

He's stamp'd with the High *Stuarts* Blood,

And all the In-born greatness of that Line.

An Exile with Thy self he mourn'd

With Thee afflicted, and with Thee return'd,

Born on the same High Tide of Fate,

And bore as much from Factions Hate;

He's loaded with Indignity,

Already Martyr'd in * Effigie.

Oh! Blast the Arm that dar'd that Impious Blow,

Let Heav'n reward him with a Vengeance mete,

Who God's Anointed dar'd to overthrow;

His Head had suffer'd where they pierc'd his Feet.

A Series of Wonders has been shown,

Adæquate to thy mighty own,

To fix the Royal *James* on *Englands* Throne,

Heav'n has secur'd him to this Hour

By its Almighty Pow'r;

The Scepter giv'n Him to sway,

And will compose Us to obey.

Else why did He not sink beneath the Weight?

Of all the ponderous Fate.

That on Him from His Infancy did wait,

And all the Ills His Sacred Person bore?

Can we forget that Memorable Time,

That great Escape, that glorious Day?

Not to Record it, wou'd be judg'd a Crime.

What Wonders Heav'n did then perform

In that prodigious * Storm,

And safely brought three Kingdoms Hopes away.

On distant Strands the pitying People saw

The terror of the thing their very Souls did aw,

The Billows round the Pious *Hero* roar,

Rebound and dash from off the Neighbouring Shore,

And every noisie Rolling Wave

Appeared an approaching Grave.

* His Picture in
Guild-Hall, cut
from the Legs
downward undi-
covered.

* Shipwrack in his
Voyage to Scotland.

When *Heaven* did appear,
 It must be Heav'n, for God was there.
 And our Anointed future King did save.
 Thy Enemies saw, and curst the timely Fate,
 This Prælude to thy future State;
 This as a Pledge did every God engage,
 To make Thee *Heroe* of an Age;
 Thy Foes now to thy Genius yield,
 For *Cæsar's* Fortune's writ upon thy Shield.

Ascend thy Great Fore-father's Throne,
 And make us happy by thy Sway;
 What Joyful Ages shall we see
 Entail'd upon Posterity!

What Actions by thy Royal Conduct done!

Prophetick Hopes appear on ev'ry brow,
 Where e're thou points, they'l go,
 Their Arms shall distant Countries know;
 New Lawrels shall their Conquests bring;
 It's writ in Heav'n's Mysterious Book,
 Its Fate, for every Deity has spoke,
 That Triumphs shall attend the King.

The Belgick Slaves no more shall boast
 Of *England's* Navy fir'd and lost;
 That Stratagem pulls down
 Revenge from thy unshaken Throne.

By thy Command once more we'l meet;
 And dissipate their Treacherous Fleet;
 Inspir'd by Thee, before our Arms they'l fall.
 Nor dare the Rival o're the Main,
 Affronting their Great Sovereign,
 We'l emulate our Conquering Admiral.

Let *France* and *Spain* unto Thy Genius stoop,
 That Cause must Conquer which thou dost espouse;
 Thy Friendship must support and boy 'em up,
 And Leagues secure them from proclaimed Foes.
 Thy Arms and Fame to higher Aims shall run,
 And there New Garlands must be won.
 Thy Annals with thy Acts shall swell,
 When drooping *Austria* does intreat thy Sword,
 A speedy Aid t'afford.

'Against th' incroaching Infidel.
 Thy Subjects Heats Thy Mildness will o'rethrow,
 They may be happy, if they will be so.

Let not the Factions Arms aspire,
 Nor the Unthinking Lured Croud,
 To raise a Rival's Fortune higher
 Than his meer Birth allow'd.

Let but their Restiff Bosoms pay
 Submission to thy Regal Sway;

For sure they need but square the Line
 Of Faith and Everlasting Loyalty by Thine!

F I N I S.